

THE CARMELITE

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"THE SKY- SEEKERS"

Linoleum cut by EVERETT RUESS

Miss Hortense Berry
537

Carmel News

FATAL ACCIDENT ON HIGHLANDS ROAD

Dr. C. H. Lowell, of Carmel, was killed instantly, and Mrs. Lowell gravely injured in a motoring accident on the Highlands road yesterday evening about seven-thirty.

So far as is known there were no witnesses to the accident. First reports had it that a bursted front tire was responsible, but this was found to be erroneous. One of the rear tires was deflated, but it is considered improbable that this was a factor in the tragedy. Another theory that has been put forward is that Dr. Lowell, who was not overly well, suffered a heart attack and lost control of the car while traveling at a fast pace.

The accident occurred at the junction of the Highlands road and the Point Lobos toll-road. The car, a small tourer, with top down, was found overturned, lodged against a fence.

Mrs. Lowell was removed to Carmel Hospital and it was stated this morning that her condition is extremely serious. Internal injuries are feared, in addition to cuts and abrasions.

SECOND SEASON WEDNESDAY MORNING RECITALS CARMEL PLAYHOUSE 11 TO 12

Wednesday, August Sixth:

OLIN DOWNES

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Dr. Lowell was a pensioned naval medical officer and had been established in Carmel for about six years. Of a retiring disposition, he took no very active part in affairs outside of his profession, but to those who came into contact with him in the course of his work there was revealed a man of singular charm and sympathy.

Dr. and Mrs. Lowell had recently erected a residence on San Antonio which they had but lately occupied.

Deputy District Attorney Argyll Campbell and Traffic Officer Leo Ramsey visited the scene of the accident last night and gathered such information as was available, which probably will be brought out at an inquest.

CITY FINANCES

Budgetary requirements of the city will come up for consideration at the regular monthly meeting of the Council next Wednesday night. As a preliminary step the Council will receive on Monday the assessment roll as compiled for the current year by City Clerk and Assessor Saidee van Brower.

Unofficial reports indicate that assessments for the business district will show slight increases in a number of instances while adjustments in the residential district are expected to result in slight decreases.

The Council will meet as a Board of Equalization on Monday morning, August eleventh, at ten o'clock.

"JULIUS CAESAR"

Stage arrangements successfully used in Herbert Heron's production of "The Countess Kathleen" several years ago will be adapted to the Forest Theater presentation of "Julius Caesar" on August fifteenth and sixteenth. For several of the scenes only a section of the stage will be used, with appropriate lighting effects, permitting a change of scene with minimum delay.

Gordon Nelson—Yellow Snake in "The God of Gods"—has been assigned the role of Brutus, perhaps the most important part in the play. James Fitzgerald, the Monterey artist, will portray the name part; B. F. Dixon will appear as Cassius.

"Julius Caesar" will be the concluding production of the Forest Theater's twentieth anniversary season. Tickets for both performances are now available at Staniford's and at the Seven Arts.

HENRY WARREN

Word was received yesterday of the death of Henry Warren, one of Carmel's oldest residents, which occurred in Alaska on July twenty-third. His widow and three sons survive.

OLIN DOWNES COMING

The distinguished composer-pianist, lecturer and critic, Olin Downes, will visit Carmel next week in the course of a lecture tour of the principal cities and while here will speak at Carmel Playhouse Wednesday morning as the third attraction in the summer series.

Mr. Downes' position as music critic of the New York "Times" has given him pre-eminence in the musical world and brought contacts which have afforded a fund of material upon which to draw for his lectures.

His subject for next Wednesday will be "Musical Jaunts in Spain." Tickets for the lecture and for the remaining recitals of the Wednesday morning series are obtainable at Lial's.

THE DRAMA GUILD

Drama Guild activities interrupted this week due to the opening performance of "Carmel Nights" at the Forest Theater will be resumed next week with the usual lively *commedia* program. With interest increasing and each program indicating development in the ability of performers, many see in the Guild activities great possibilities not only as a means of recreation but also for the development of a spontaneous sort of drama. At the last play reading evening, B. F. Dixon presented a group of miniature dramas, read by various members of the Guild. Among these were "The Drawback," "Calpurnia's Dinner Party," "Lucullus' Dinner Party," and "Rosamond and Elnor."

Last Thursday night, being the time for *commedia*, a number of original plots were presented, and, judging from uproarious laughter following, the program was enjoyed. The *commedia* committee still encourages anyone interested to compose an original plot and submit it for the evening's program. The Guild will meet next Thursday night at eight thirty, in the Arts and Crafts Hall, and those who have not yet attended a meeting will be most cordially welcomed.

"CARMEL NIGHTS"

Last night's dress rehearsal of "Carmel Nights," Elliott Durham's Forest Theater production, showed the cast in fine fettle, ready for the opening performance tonight.

The complete program for "Carmel Nights" will be found on page ten. Tickets are on sale at Staniford's.

PIANO INSTRUCTION

Minna Berger has returned to Carmel after an absence of several months and will resume her piano classes on August first at her studio on Dolores between Seventh and Eighth.

JULIE STOHR EXHIBITS AT THE CARMEL ART GALLERY

Continuing its series of "one-man shows" the Carmel Art Gallery, in the Court of the Seven Arts, is this week exhibiting a representative collection of Julie Stohr's work. The artist's background and appreciation of her attainments may be gathered from a critique written by Louise Gebhard Cann, originally included in the catalogue for Julie Stohr's exhibition at the Gallery Marcel Bernheim in Paris and here reprinted in translation:

Julie Stohr, when a child of fourteen, was admitted as a pupil to the Chicago Art Institute; because of her great artistic gift, this special privilege was accorded her.

She also studied under the direction of many masters of American art, and with a famous artist of Paris. While still very young she used her own method of profiting by all this continuous instruction which might have injured a talent less vigorous than hers.

One finds easily, on scanning her work, with its expressive design, its sharply etched or delicately placed tone-color, the path she followed to her success. It is the only one, leading to true individuality, since it is the road of life itself. This is revealed in everything that she paints. All that she describes, with pencil or brush shows keen intelligence, denotes accurate vision—an awareness aroused in one who has the "seeing eye." Sometimes it verges on the comic, the caricature with a swift accent, delicately feminine.

Born in the United States, she has worked in the state of Maine beside the Atlantic Ocean and in California. She has also made long stays in France, to which we owe the delicate sketches of beaches, of Riviera gardens, of sheltered villages in the mountains or along the Mediterranean shore. In Paris she loved especially the Luxembourg, the outdoor "Punch and Judy" shows, the Tuleries, where one experiences again the quick play of children. The gesture and attitude of all the idlers along the flowerbeds and gardens in fine seasons; old women knitting; old men dreaming with open, disregarded book in hand; children at play; these were the things she noted. . . . She is neither morbid nor willful like most women painters of Paris; she is naturally child-like, depicting life as she sees it in its sweetest and most agreeable aspect.

In the numerous private exhibitions of her work in New York, one sees the influence of the Japanese upon her conceptions. In truth, she seems to have stud-

ied, pondered over the style of these artists of the Orient, yet being careful not to imitate them. Impassioned worker, she amazes one with her beautiful execution, skill of method, displaying a very original manner of seeing and feeling. To me it is most certain that this young woman has a future, assured and brilliant.

"THE SEA-GULL"

Following on the exceptional success of "The Thrip'ny Opera," Edward Kuster will present at Carmel Playhouse, on August eighth, ninth and tenth, the famous Tchekov play "The Sea-gull." It was on this play that the early fame of the Moscow Art Theatre was grounded. It still shares with "The Cherry Orchard" the highest honors among Tchekov's works. "The Sea-gull" is one of the world's great plays.

The local production will be under the stage direction of Morris Ankrum, who will play the role of Constantin Gavrilitch Treplev. One of the strongest casts assembled in recent years in Carmel will support him, including Mina Quevli, Galt Bell, Charles McGrath, Gloria Newell, Edward Kuster, Katheryn Peck, Andre Johnstone and Sally Jaggar. Mr. Ankrum has previously directed the play most successfully for the Little Theatre at Tacoma.

Eva LeGallienne, recognizing the fact that the three Tchekov plays produced, one each year, at New York's Civic Repertory Theatre have contributed immeasurably to that institution's growing stability, says, "It is a source of continual joy to me that Tchekov's plays have found such amazing and understanding recognition from the American public—that sorely misjudged American public—so constantly accused of lack of sensibility, taste and discretion."

The coming production is the first presentation in Carmel of a play by Russia's greatest dramatist, and is awaited with interest by theatre-lovers, a number of whom are coming down specially from San Francisco and Berkeley to attend. As usual, season subscribers will be given first-night preference, and seats for Friday night's performance will not go on general sale until Wednesday, August sixth, when the box-office will open in the Playhouse kiosk opposite the post-office.

With the players on their mettle to maintain the pace set by "The Thrip'ny Opera," enacting in this instance a play whose success depends wholly upon sincere characterizations and smooth ensemble playing, and not at all on theatrical effects, some first-rate acting may be looked for in "The Sea-gull."

OROZCO IN CARMEL

Jose Clemente Orozco has been in Carmel.

This statement will have no importance to nine out of ten who read it; I might guess that very few artists have heard of him, though the name of Diego Rivera, his contemporary, whose frescos in Mexico City are a lodestar attracting worldwide pilgrimage, hardly needs introduction.

Diego, not to detract from the importance of his work, has been better advertised. He is a good mixer, sociable, urbane, always in the limelight, whether leading the "Syndicate of Painters and Sculptors," or being fired from the Communist party. In contrast is Orozco, the solitary, sometimes called the Mexican Goya, or compared to Daumier.

Comparisons are unnecessary. Orozco stands alone, with the uniqueness of a great artist. His pencil or brush is capable of vitriolic satire or tender compassion, his presentation is direct: stark beauty, free from all frosting, all sugar coating. There is no compromise in Orozco, the quintessence of his subject is revealed stripped to the very bones. He has structural solidity plus emotional fire—a rare combination in contemporary artists—usually either cold from theorizing or lukewarm from weak heart or evasion. Orozco is the visionary sweeping aside all minor issues, seeing life majestically its heights or depths, with a gesture beyond good and evil.

After the completion of his frescoes in the National Preparatory School in Mexico, Orozco went to New York. Sponsored by Alma Reed (with him in Carmel) his importance was soon recognized. He then accepted a commission to execute a fresco in Pomona College, Claremont, California. Someone there has foresight! The fresco is completed, is already a mecca for pilgrims, has been called "the most living wall in America."

Like a prophecy pointing to future America, or better to the future West, it is the youth, the students individually and as a body, who have acclaimed his greatness.

A portfolio of Orozco's lithographs have been consigned to the Denny-Watrous Gallery, and an exhibit in the near future is assured.

EDWARD WESTON

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THE CARMELITE, JULY 31, 1930

LAWRENCE STRAUSS AT THE PLAYHOUSE

The ovation given the Lawrence Strauss recital by the capacity audience which filled the Carmel Playhouse Wednesday morning might warm the heart of any artist. Without doubt, Strauss numbers among the most popular artists who have ever appeared before a Peninsula audience and his is a popularity having the sound basis of fine artistry. Whether he sang the delightful folk tunes which comprised the first part of his program, the works of such composers as d'Ambrosio, Chausson, Debussy, Lalo, Bloch, Schubert, Strauss, or those of the moderns, Russell, Herreshoff, Cator, Hammond and Engel, he revealed the same degree of imaginative interpretation, effectively blending the individuality of the artist with that of the composer.

At the outset, Strauss won his audience with his delightful presentation of cleverly arranged folk tunes, here disclosing a mastery of tongues other than English, skillfully bringing out the humor in such a number as "Ach Moder Ich Will En Ding Han" or the exquisite beauty of "The Bens of Jura." In his second group, Debussy's "Colloque Sentimentale," portraying the walk of two figures past death was moving in effect. Great strength, not revealed in the first numbers of a more delicate vein, was shown in the Bloch number, the One Hundred Thirty-seventh Psalm, the conclusion of which was followed by tremendous applause.

The fourth group, containing two numbers of Schubert and two of Richard Strauss, outstanding of which was the latter's "Traum Durch Die Dammerrung," reached a climax of lyric beauty, bringing again prolonged applause. In the fifth group were Russell's "Lyric" with words by Tagore; "On a Singing Girl," by Herreshoff; "The Pool of Quietness," by Cator; Carl Engel's "The Sea Shell"; and Hammond's "The Pipes of Gordon's Men." Of these, "The Pool of Quietness" held special interest coming from Thomas Vincent Cator, with words written by Grace Wallace. This number Strauss repeated to the great satisfaction of his listeners.

Throughout the entire program, Strauss exhibited a rarely beautiful quality of voice, at times having the timbre of the baritone and again amazingly delicate tones in the higher register. Fortunately he had in Elizabeth Alexander a pianist capable of most sympathetic handling of accompaniment. A. M. B.

(Continuing the Wednesday morning series, Olin Downes will speak at the Playhouse next Wednesday on "Musical Jaunts in Spain.")

"THE GREEN PASTURES"

One of the real treats of the Carmel season was given to an appreciative audience in the Denny-Watrous Gallery last Saturday night when Moroni Olsen read "The Green Pastures," judiciously cut to fit into the time limit. His performance was remarkably good. He read the negro dialect with great understanding and appreciation; the full rich tones of the Lord and the high, piping voices of the flowers, the coarse slang of the "flashy young buck" and the homely gossip of angel mammies, all were handled with the same skill and sympathy. It was a big undertaking and Mr. Olsen deserves the greatest praise.

The play, as every one knows, was the big success of a very lean New York season. It is, as Marc Connelly points out, "an attempt to present certain aspects of a living religion in the terms of its believers." In eighteen short scenes we see the story of the earth "in the days when the Lord walked the earth in the shape of a natchel man." The Lord is a large kindly looking negro, looking much like "ol' Reverend Dubois," subject to worry and perplexity, comforted by his friend Gabriel, proud of his successful miracles, distressed by continual failure on earth—in short, a splendid but quite human negro. But when he turns to face the sky, his up-raised arms silhouetted against the flood of light from the newly created sun, and proclaims "Let there be man!" as the chorus bursts into "Hallelujah" and the lights dim down—then he is a figure of such majesty and holiness that we bow our heads in reverence.

"Green Pastures" is based on Roark Bradford's Southern sketches—"Ol' Man Adam and His Chillun." But to the sheer humor of these farcical yarns Marc Connelly has brought the same rich imagination and spirituality that made "The Beggar on Horse-back" and "The Wisdom Tooth" the rare plays that they were. "Ol' Man Adam" was a funny-book, with no other purposes; "Green Pastures" is not a comedy, but an intensely moving, almost pathetic study of a race. At first the audience laughs, because it is human nature to deride any belief different from our own, and the childish faith of this sincere people is, on the face of it, comic. But when we begin to feel the play, when its pathos and spiritual power begin to take hold, we may smile occasionally, but we do not laugh.

And yet, "The Green Pastures" had to struggle for production. It was turned down by a dozen New York producers. The idea of putting God on the stage! Why, people wouldn't stand for it. All

New York would be about our ears. So it drifted for a while. Finally, Laurence Rivers took it. He and Robert Edmond Jones, the finest imaginative producer on Broadway today, worked over it for a while. They trained a choir of thirty to sing the stirring spirituals that run throughout the play. They found a fine type of negro, Richard B. Harrison, who had never acted but seemed to fall into the part of the Lord. Everything went smoothly; a wonderful play was developed. But still it could not be accepted by the New York speculators. Before the first performance McBride's and Tyson's would have nothing to do with it; a few days later they were buying up a block of tickets that would carry them far into the summer months. Critics read the play and scoffed at it; they saw it produced and raved. Never in recent years has a play been greeted with such wild, unreasoning enthusiasm. The production itself was thus somewhat of a miracle. And—an amazing thing—despite the appearance of the Lord on the stage, and the preconceived indignation of some people who had not yet seen it, not one letter of protest or horror came in to the New York "Times," which is the barometer of public reaction. Soon after this, it was awarded the Pulitzer Prize and now is the most talked-of play in recent years.

Mr. Olsen's reading was as fine as one could possibly desire. He drew out of the play all the strong spiritual force that is there. But, of course, it is hard from a mere reading to realize the effectiveness of the New York production. The appeal is largely an emotional one, effected by the interplay of light and sound, the lights fading off after each scene as the spirituals of the negro choir swell up, and intensified by the sight of a host of strong colored men with the humble faith of children putting into expression the background of their racial religion. As a production it was an immense thing, an emotional treat that has never been equalled on the American stage. As a play it is one of the finest products of American drama. I rise to propose a vote of thanks to Moroni Olsen for bringing this play so effectively to the attention of Carmel.

§ §

May I add a brief appreciation of what Miss Denny and Miss Watrous are doing through their efforts in bringing to Carmel readings of unusual plays, rendering of modern music, and exhibitions of the various modern arts and crafts. They are keeping Carmel in touch to a remarkable degree with contemporary activity in the creative arts. They deserve our whole-hearted support.

—OLIVER MARBLE GALE, JR.

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LITERATURE

*In the Court of the Seven Arts***PRINTING**THE CARMELITE PRINTERS
BURNHAM BUILDING DOLORES STREET**MUSICAL EXPLORATION
WITH HENRY COWELL**

The last lecture-recital of the Henry Cowell series at the Denny-Watrous Gallery was given on Monday. Those who attended the whole course felt extremely sorry that it had to come to an end. Cowell has given a most entertaining and instructive panorama of the whole musical landscape, from ancient to contemporary music—and had gone into many strange corners of the subject. All this has been done with the delightful spontaneity of one thoroughly conversant with his subject.

The lecture on Friday last was a survey of Oriental systems of music. Cowell said that there is no contemporary Oriental music but that it is built on very ancient rules. Chinese musicians think that Western musicians break all the rules of music; they consider our melodies to run together "like a bag of chocolates on a warm day." This seems to them unpardonable. They have a more vigorous sense of musical structure. A Chinese listener can select his favorite melody out of what appears to us hopeless tumult, and follow it through to the end. All the other interwoven melodies and rhythms then become automatically an accompaniment to this one theme. The Chinese listener is just as creative in his listening as the composer is in his composing. It seems that in constructing a piece of music, it is a rule of Chinese art never to bring two parts together on the same note. If two melodies converge the notes which would become identical are played one after the other. This is to keep the melodies distinct and clear-cut. Another interesting feature of Chinese music is the gong. A great gong-tone announces an important event in the music, and a smaller gong-tone a less important change.

Chinese music plays an important part in the drama and it was interesting to hear that it always goes ahead of the action on the stage. If quarrel-music is played during a love-scene, the audience has the satisfaction of knowing before hand how things will turn out.

Hindu music employs innumerable systems of scales and if the player knows the scales he can improvise to suit his mood. The Hindus have a very exact sense of the fitness of certain music to hours, days and seasons. To play music out of its own season would be an unheard of violation of tradition.

Cowell also went into the structure of Javanese music, Siamese music and the music of Japan and showed how the division of the octave in various ways

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plays a vital part in the character of the music.

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On Monday, Cowell took up the scientific aspect of modern music and elucidated the interesting subject of overtones. He said that not long ago the overtone was considered by most people to be merely a theory which could not be proved. By holding down the key an octave above the one played, the first overtone became distinctly audible. This was a delight to many in the audience who had long struggled to hear overtones. Cowell then demonstrated higher and still higher overtones up to the seventeenth. He said that the forty-fourth overtone is audible to the human ear and the hundred fiftieth can be detected with the aid of acoustical instruments.

The use of the overtone series is of primary importance in modern music. The strangely dissonant intervals gradually become more and more familiar and music which is scientifically constructed will always eventually come into its own when its laws are understood.

The vibration of strings on the piano incurs all sorts of complicated mathematical problems. The striking of a single note on the piano sets in motion such a combination of different sounds that it is a good thing our ears are so dull that we cannot distinguish them. Imagine the uproar if we could hear a string vibrating in halves, thirds, fifths, etc; with different tones arising at the nodes, all the overtones sounding at the same time and with every conceivable sort of relationship between them. We would think twice before we did anything so daring as to strike a chord!

Cowell spoke of the work of Theramin and his invention of an instrument which can be played by the approach of the hand in two directions. He said that at last we are going to get an instrument which will produce enough sound. He feels that we are musical cowards; that we prefer a small trickle of sound rather than a great flood. He says that we feel safer in a shower-bath of music than in an ocean of sound. He hopes for the invention of an instrument which will plunge us into new immensities of music. He at least has created a music which shows no timidity when it comes to volumes of sound.

After the two last lectures, Cowell played some of his new work. It is good to hear the most recent work of a composer because one feels that it expresses the immediate present rather than the past. One of the most memorable of the works played during the course was

"Dynamic Motion," which is based on the use of overtones.

The season's music will not cease, however, with the end of these lectures. We have still in store for us lecture-recitals by Rudhyar, Buhlig, and Henry Cowell's opera with the original cast. —D. H.

RUDHYAR AT THE GALLERY

In response to a demand for a continuation of the New Music series of lecture-recitals which Henry Cowell has conducted throughout the month of July, the Denny-Watrous Gallery has arranged for four programs of modern music during August. The first of these, on Tuesday evening, August twelfth, will be given by Dane Rudhyar.

Rudhyar represents a type of contemporary music which has not come very much to the fore these last years when music has been so much occupied with the more scientific aspect of sound. This music includes musicians of world significance, especially Scriabine. Rudhyar exemplifies in America this trend, and will speak very briefly on "Scriabine and the Birth of a New Sacred Music." He will play works of Scriabine and of Ruth Crawford, and his own works as well. Further, he will illustrate with his voice—through chanting—what he means by the new type of vocal expression.

COWELL OPERA AT HALCYON

Two mystery cantata-operas based on Irish folk-lore will be presented at Halcyon on the evening of Thursday, August seventh.

Both of the operas, "The Four Spinners" and "The Building of Bamba," have words by J. O. Varian. Edgar Cheetham has written the music for the first; the score for the second is by Henry Cowell. The cast will include Borghild Janson, Majorie Barrett, Margaret Konarsky, Helen McCabe, Jean Stetsen, Chester Cox and Thomas Gynn, with Henry Cowell at the piano, Edgar Cheetham at the organ and Mrs. Lindquist accompanying.

MME. DUX ILL

Carmel friends and admirers of Mme. Claire Dux, who appeared in recital at the Golden Bough last April, will regret to learn that she is seriously ill in Chicago. Mme. Dux was appearing in "Faust" with the Ravinia open-air opera company when she was stricken with an attack of appendicitis and collapsed during the performance. She was taken immediately to a hospital and the following day underwent an operation. In private life, Mme. Dux is Mrs. Chas. H. Swift, wife of the vice-president of Swift & Company.

THE PHOTOGRAPHY OF EDWARD WESTON

One does not need to be familiar with modern movements in art to enjoy the work of Edward Weston, but one can understand him much more profoundly and can more fully appreciate the subtle nuance of his photographs if one knows something of the aims of the modernists. Weston might easily be called "a realist." He places his camera before an object—almost any object in fact—for he ranges from shells to green peppers, from Mexican pyramids to bathrooms. His camera lens takes in every detail before it, with no diffusion and with a hard and sharp, almost piercing intensity.

It would be perfectly proper to assume that almost anyone with a fine camera could go this far. The thing which distinguishes the work of Weston from that of any other I have seen is entirely one of approach. Weston is interested in achieving that subtle essence of a subject which is the aim of many artists of the modern French school. Almost anything has some significant character. Take for example that old picture with which we are all familiar, "The Three Graces." I have not seen a reproduction of this for years, and yet it left on my memory a certain impression. Last year Picasso, with an economy of drawing suggestive of shorthand, drew "The Three Graces," it was simply a old elaborate and faithfully photographic "The Three Graces," it was simply a lines representing the three women. But what a revelation! The essential quality of this work was preserved an even accentuated, but the unnecessary paraphernalia with which the old work was weighted down, was cut away as with a knife.

I am not attempting to explain Picasso but this is certainly one of his qualities. So it is with Weston. He takes not simply a photograph of something, he takes that something's essential character, if I may be permitted a banal phrase.

As most photographers approach a subject from the standpoint of fine photography, of unusual angles for a "shot," of surface composition, I should say that Weston approaches it from the angle of revealing its true content, its natural decorativeness or design, its most significant form. The difference is not of mechanics so much as of mentality. The natural formations of ship's masts, of a grouping of chairs, of the human body, of rocks, of tree-trunks, are revealed anew to us through Weston's camera, setting forth with startling clearness, the individuality and the unlikeness of each.

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TAMALES
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PHONE 390



RECALLING A NOTABLE CARMEL DRAMATIC ACHIVEMENT:
MORRIS ANKRUM AS "THE EMPRROR JONES"

The Theatre

WHAT WE ARE DOING

Occasionally to the more analytical of us there occurs the question: What is the value of what we are doing? We go down every evening to the theatre and work till late, we spend lots of money that we cannot expect the box-office to repay, we get excited, nervous and tired. It is fun, to be sure; but is that its only value? The answer is—No! Since the war there has sprung up all over America a veritable epidemic of repertory theatres, called according to fancy of the sponsors, "little," "civic," "community," or "experimental." I think it is the greatest thing that has ever happened to American drama. In the first place consider the number of people who are now in close contact with the stage. Every year hundreds are learning stagecraft and applying their knowledge to actual problems. There is in this group a flock of rising producers, directors and actors. Their interest is being stimulated

and their talents trained. And there is no other way to do this. Broadway is closed to the beginner; even 'drag' is no longer an effective 'jimmie' with which to open the stage-doors. Ambitious young hopefuls that used to run away to New York, now run over to the town playhouse and earn a great deal more amid far pleasanter surroundings. This, then, is one great value—the training of our future theatrical leaders.

There is a second and equally great function of the little theatre. This is the education of an audience. Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard conducted an investigation a few years ago, asking the leading publishers in the country to estimate the number of people in America to whom a book would appeal for purely intellectual reasons. The answers varied between twenty and sixty thousands. In this whole country the people that read books for their ideas or literary style are fewer than those attending a single good football game. This is what a playwright has to contend with. A few years ago it was worse. There were practically no experimental theatres, and New York could not—and will not to-

THE CARMELITE, JULY 31, 1930

day—afford to take chances. A Broadway producer is as cautious as a good surgeon. "Journey's End," "The Green Pastures," "The Road to Rome,"—how many good plays have been rejected again and again. So a play with a new idea, a play with a definitely intellectual appeal, had almost no chance. Today there are little groups all over the United States—and Europe too, for that matter—that are eager to get hold of new, worth-while plays. These little theatres are building up about them groups of people that demand good dramas. They are being educated. In New York, not so many years ago, the Theatre Guild started a series of plays that now includes the best in modern drama. They started small and educated an audience about them. Now they have attained such unheard-of prestige that they can make people buy tickets without even knowing what they are to be shown. Eva LeGallienne is doing the same with her Civic Repertory Company. These started as little theatre movements. So did the Provincetown Players; without them, O'Neill might still be adding to his collection of rejection slips which he once boasted was the largest in the country. The Pasadena Community Players gave "Lazarus Laughed" for the first and only time, and proved that it could be a financial success. The theatre group in Carmel are doing the same thing,—intellectualizing the American public, feeding them nectar and ambrosia till they learn to relish and demand it.

§ §

Aside from this, let us see what the little theatres are actually doing today. In New York, Eva LeGallienne's Civic Repertory Theatre has, in the past few years, produced plays of Chekhov, Barrie, Shakespeare, as well as some important modern European plays. The Theatre Guild, which not so long ago was struggling along under the name of The Washington Square Players, has been producing plays of O'Neill, Galsworthy, Shaw and other notable playwrights too numerous to list. In other cities there are similar groups producing plays of the same high calibre. The Goodman Memorial Theatre in Chicago under Thomas Wood Stevens, the Cleveland Playhouse under Frederick McConnell, the Lobero Theatre in Santa Barbara under Irving Pichel, and le Petit Theatre du Vieux Carre in New Orleans are a few of the outstanding of these theatres. If it were not for these groups and University dramatic organizations—which are far from negligible—we should have many delightful comedies, some interesting problem plays, and a few worthwhile modern dramas; but who would produce the plays that appeal to the limited aud-

ty? Who would produce and keep alive Shakespeare, Ibsen, Shaw, Galsworthy, O'Neill, etc? Blanche Yurka, Mrs. Fiske, Walter Hampden, perhaps. But their range is decidedly limited. No, it is the "little" theatre, the "civic" theatre as Kenneth MacGowan wisely insists, professional and amateur, that is producing the classics of English and American drama. I doubt if many Californians have seen professional productions of Shaw and O'Neill; but these playwrights have been represented again and again by amateurs up and down the coast.

And in this great movement, no part can be too small to be significant. The boy that holds the spear and shouts "What ho!" in the third act is just as liable someday to be the great American actor as the man that plays the lead. Walter Hampden has played the "officer" in "Hamlet" as a youth about as many times as he has played the Prince in later life. The interest is the main thing. With hundreds of young people talking about and acting in amateur productions, with fine directors devoting their time and talent to the training of these beginners, and with thousands of people going to see their plays the stage is set for a great advent. We are on the threshold of a tremendous dramatic era. And it is in the hands of the little theatre groups of America that this promise lies.

So if anyone should ask what we are doing, the answer is,—"We are creating the theatre of tomorrow."

§ §

I hope this article will convince my correspondent of several weeks ago that I am not seeking to deny any credit to the amateur, of Carmel or elsewhere. But I have not changed my policy. While admitting that the amateur deserves more credit than the professional in many ways, I yet refuse to treat him with greater reserve and gentleness. A rereading of my first article will, I am sure make clear the distinction.

—OLIVER MARBLE GALE, JR.

Let's See Now

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

Paris: July tenth

The surprise of my return to the living world was the decline of Hoover. Everybody I met was talking about it. I had heard and felt the cloud over him before I left Carmel; I had read of it a bit. But I had no idea of the unanimity of the ebb of public opinion till I made my slow trip East, with stops here and there. The fall of the Hoover market is as sharp and low as that of stocks; his depression is as deep as that of business.

It may be that the economic depression is the cause of Hoover's political depression. Will Rogers said so. Whatever he has put in his column I don't know, but in Los Angeles he described the President as riding down hill with the stock market and he predicted Coolidge for the next President.

"We dope it out very simply, us hicks. Like this: There was prosperity under Cal, wasn't there? Hoover? You bet. Well, let's get Coolidge back and be rich again." And he laughed, and laughed. He enjoys himself, does Will Rogers; he enjoys Coolidge, too, and Hoover and prosperity and even bad times.

But there are many explanations of Hoover's amazing decline. When I asked another wit "Why Hoover?", he said, irrelevantly, "You seen the nigger play, 'Green Pastures'? Well, there's a colored actor in it who plays God, and he plays it well. He is so absolutely God that off the stage also he plays he is the part, till now the other colored folk are down on him because everywhere, all the time, he is not only playing, he believes he is God." A pause; and then, "And that's what the matter with Hoover."

My explanation is otherwise, and if I am right, Hoover has another chance. My theory is that Hoover, the engineer and

economist, being no politician, keeps playing politics. He probably thinks he has to. He doesn't. He can play his own game, economics. He need not pass an uneconomic tariff law for political reasons. If he would say that this tariff bill is a merger of grafts and bad business, bad diplomacy, bad engineering everybody would laugh and be for the the blundering engineer who doesn't understand politics. And so with the other gross grafts this honest conniver at political corruption is and always has been passing.

(We must not forget that Mr. Hoover was a cabinet officer in the Harding administration.)

Somebody should tell the President-engineer how when Roosevelt was running for governor, he complained (once) that he wasn't getting any enthusiasm.

"What'll I do about it?" he asked.

"Oh, just go and make a fool blunder and admit it. Every man that has ever made a mistake will be for you."

"By Jove, that's right. I will."

And one of T. R.'s political tricks was to make an error and confess it. If Mr. Hoover could only see that to err is not only human, it is good politics, especially for a bum politician! And Hoover is certainly a bum politician.

I might as well add that I don't care a whoop about Hoover or his career. It's the engineer I'd like to see saved. We need engineers in this country, at this time, and economists, in power.

§ §

Uncle Sam is no longer Shylock in France. Since the debt settlement, the name is not to be heard or read. It was a fighting word; not a conviction.

§ §

France is suffering from the business depression in the States. There are so few American tourists and they stay so short a time that prices are lowered and other bids offered to get and keep us. Germany and Russia are drawing more Americans than at any time since the revolution.

§ §

An American correspondent in a Paris taxi looked sharply at the driver's license and said: "A Russian. I prefer French chauffeurs; their reactions are quick, sure, slight. A Russian's are slow, sure enough, but wide. He will swing way out around an obstacle, and so hit something else. There are about three thousand Russian taxi drivers among the fifteen thousand that are licensed here."

VICTORY

by Sophie Feider

Let me be hard and unyielding,

As you have been; and ring

Out of the softness of tears

Polished flint edges. I fear

That though I weep more bitterly

In victory than defeat,

Your hardness is the grit I need.

Tears have burned the pain

Clean out of me—without stain.

Out of white wastes of aridness

Bitter upward resolve. Alas!

We are equals now in indifference.

I go from my victory more

Lonely, more wounded than before!

CARMEL NIGHTS

A Musical Extravaganza

By ELLIOTT DURHAM

THE FOREST THEATER
TONIGHT, FRIDAY & SATURDAY
NIGHTS

CHARACTERS

(in the order of their first appearance)

Quits Work, a tramp	Allen Knight
By Fitts, a realtor	Gordon Nelson
A Dancer	Viola Parker
Queen of the Nymphs	Betty Berryman
Brownies	Suzanne Brownell and Eleanor Watson
Clementina Digmore	Constance Heron
Tom Scarlett	Carroll Sandholdt
Maria	Helen Plenc
Kernel Kurdy	Charles McGrath
A Shopkeeper	Sam Monroe
Golden Voices of the Golden West	The Josselyns (Tal and Win)
An Artist	Moir Wallace
Chinese	Joe Schoeninger and Kevin Wallace
Arms of the Law	August Englund, Charlie Guth Louis Trenor and Leo Ramsey

SCENES

Prologue

In the Forest of Enchantment
A Real Estate Development
[NO INTERMISSION]

Act One

Carmel as the San Francisco Papers Would Have It

First Interlude

Why the God Winked

(Being an answer to the critics of the production of The God of
Gods, who could see no reason for the eyes of the god glow-
ing at the conclusion of the play.)

Second Interlude

Thripence Worth of Opera,
or, The Parade of the Beggars

Act Two

Same as Act One

Epilogue

Same as Prologue

Time: The Present

SONG NUMBERS

Music and Lyrics by ELLIOTT DURHAM

Piano Arrangement by RUTH THERMAN

Opening Chorus	The Cast
Hollywood Spanish	Quits and Cast
It Must Be So	Tom Scarlett, Quits and Fitts
Maria	Tom, Maria and Cast
I'm Blue When I'm in the Red	Fitts
Orchestration by Frederick Preston Search	
Pon Chung	Fitts and Cast
Orchestration by Edward C. Hopkins	
A Song of Carmel	Tom
Orchestration by R. C. Nagler	
I've Painted a Picture of You	Maria and Cast

DANCE NUMBERS

Slumber Waltz	Dancing Chorus
Arranged by Edward C. Hopkins	
Solo Dance	Viola Parker
(of the Viola Parker School of Dancing)	
Spanish Dance	Viola Parker

DANCERS

Holly Ehrenberg	Jane Foster
Vera Hunter	Mary Meyer
Agnes Parker	Viola Parker
Janet Sayers	Ada Whiffin
Mary Green	Barbara Normand
Mildren Pearson	Ruth Whiffin

CHORUS

Anna Mae Baer	Albert Campbell
Mary Douglas	Albert Horenstein
Cecil Haskell	Barbara Kelley
Mary Louise Johnson	Harold J. McLean
Glenna Peck	Faulkner Ray
Everett Smith	Gordon Smith
Alice Daigel	Jean McCarthy
Dorothy Kelley	Lucile Sandholdt
Pauline Meeks	Bradley Stevens

Picking Up a Few "Strands"

By FRANK SHERIDAN

(Continued from last week.)

We gave the firework exhibition on the Fourth, and Talbot being a wizard at making a big show with little to work on, we made a big hit with the audience, and, what's more to the point, with Nephi Clayton, the boss of Salt Air.

I then started to work upon the scheme I had for "big money."

One of the things I pulled in Denver was a Fourth of July exhibition at Arlington Park, a resort owned by a man who was afterwards mayor of Denver, Spear. Talbot and I concocted an outdoor vaudeville with acts laying around Denver idle, and called it "The Carnival of Madrid"; that sounded the most attractive title out of a dozen or so; "The Carnival" to wind up with a grand exhibition of fireworks.

Spear thought the idea good as he had an idle park and little expense for the night with a fifty per cent cut on the receipts. We worked him into standing good for the performers' salary and endorsing our purchase of fireworks, so Sheridan and Talbot had no charges to take money out of their pockets—an impossibility as we both were "down to cases" in cash or credit.

We played to over fifteen thousand that night, and I'll go on record now as swearing it was the very worst show ever given by anybody, anytime, at any place. It was inexpressibly putrid. But fifteen thousand people at twenty-five cents a head is a lot of money, boys—a world of money that panic year.

I got one thousand dollars away from a foolish treasurer Spear had put in—so Frank and I were assured of something—and, for fear that some of the audience who knew me would mob me if I stayed around, I beat it down-town. Later on I heard that they were selling tickets after the show was all over.

Next day everything was paid for and we two promoters added fifty dollars each to our plunder.

I had seen to it that the papers treated us kindly in their reviews, so, with those laudatory newspaper clippings about the "world's worst," I sold it and myself to Clayton for eight nights in August.

Now here's the tough spot. I had to furnish a bond for five thousand dollars to go through with our part of the contract. I had told Clayton that a certain big man in the East (a relative by marriage), and auditor of an extensive rail-

road back there, would be my bondsman. I found out later that they looked up his rating and found it high.

I impressed upon Clayton the necessity for haste of preparation—especially the building of the platform on piles three hundred fifty by a hundred fifty feet out in the lake. The cost of the lumber for this job was thirty-five hundred dollars and that was part of their expense. They made a rush job of getting the lumber down from Oregon and when those piles commenced to go in the water I knew the show would go through to a finish, for by that time I had the Salt Air people in deep about six thousand dollars.

Talbot and I made about a hundred fifty dollars out of the "Fourth of July" exhibition, and about two hundred dollars from decorating buildings for the fiftieth anniversary of Utah's settlement, a three-day jubilee; and I bust with pride in stating that three of the buildings we decorated won the three prizes given by the city. All this money we earned was soon gone by two "easy spenders"—so when I signed the contract to produce "The Carnival of Madrid," at Salt Air, a show that actually cost over twelve thousand dollars to do, I had exactly seventy-five cents to my name.

I saw that the newspapers got a fat lot of advertising, and, as I was press agent as well as general manager and a few other things, I kept stuff in daily that told of "the enormous expense"—"the noted circus acts"—"The Salt Air Company's progressiveness"—"The Salt Air this, and The Salt Air that, keeping our own names in the far background, till everyone thought that it was wholly Salt Air's venture and we were only hired men. Then came the making of costumes. I got material from the Auerbach Company and Walker Brothers; the first orders were small and were readily O.K.'d by the auditor of Salt Air—(a kindly man by the name of Jones) after which the dry goods people didn't bother to send for an O.K.—as I figured.

The rehearsals were going on, I used three hundred fifty people beside the circus acts. I jumped East, engaged some really big acts—one of them was Johnson and Lundin, the feature act with Ringling the year before; and a wonderful wire act, a headliner with Barnum and Bailey for two years, Carlos Cebellos, who now is the proprietor of the largest circus in South America, as I learn from his brother Larry Cebellos, the director-in-chief of dances for Warner Brothers productions in Hollywood. I got together ten acts of that caliber, told them to be ready on receipt of

transportation, then hurried back to Salt Lake.

I arrived to find things in a mess. The Salt Air people were yelling their heads off for that five thousand dollar bond, refusing to O.K. any more bills, and generally sore as a boil, but they did not know that there was one more item that had to be bought, without which there would be no show—the contract said I had to furnish *five thousand dollars worth of fireworks*, and I with only what was left of five hundred dollars, borrowed from various people. The opening night of the show not quite three weeks off—it was up to me to see that it opened on the date advertised. Was I up against it? I'll say I was.

(Continued next week.)

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Will YOUR BRAKES HOLD?

Don't wait until you are half-way down to the Big Sur to find out. Our Brake Service is complete. We test, repair or install new brakes.

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POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENTS

FOR CONGRESS
EMMET C. RITTENHOUSE
REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE
8th CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT
Primary election August. 26

Vote for
P. J. DOUGHERTY
for
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
Monterey Township
Primary Election, August 26, 1930

THE FIGHT FOR THE VILLAGE

by Mrs. AGNES WURZMANN

(This article appeared recently in the distinguished German newspaper "Frankfurter Zeitung." Mrs. Wurzmann was in Carmel three years ago for several months).

Strange. . . there is a little village situated between the mountains and the high sea, sleeping in the pine woods, washed round by blue waves which foamingly break against the cliffs—which refuses with all its might to become a city. It really fights fanatically against the railroad and a concrete highway, it has only one ambition: to remain a village!

And it is a peculiar matter with this remarkable village in which do not live peasants but in whose small cottages hidden in the woods you often see large studio windows, and which is located in a country with the sense for growing flourishing and prospering—in California.

This unusual village is Carmel-by-the-Sea; it is occupied by people who try to escape "America," who hate nothing more than efficiency and who desire quietness and contemplation; being

afraid that this little oasis which they have created for themselves might be too well known. Many painters, scientists and musicians have hidden themselves in this artistic place with the intention to live for their work;—and now there are coming contractors who want to build there a highway, hotels and business districts. Protest-meetings and votes, flaming articles in their weekly newspapers reflect not only the excitement and irritation of the inhabitants but something more important: The fight of an intellectual class against the "Babbitt." These articles express an opinion which is not strange to many Germans: Contempt for the dollar, pride in a modest way of living and in intellectual riches, and aloofness from the narrow-minded and his ideals.

This is a process which might explain the development of a new civilization. In Carmel live the most liberal and progressive spirits who aim at the development of an intellectual isolation—consciously or unconsciously. You read continually in their weeklies: "We are a population of intellectual people and we wish to remain so; we do not desire the herd, the moneymaker or the Babbitt. We want the character of this place unspoiled. We want to keep its spirit." Necessarily there is the development of a group fighting against standardization.

One who lived in this village and has found the time to study the artistic and scientific seriousness with which people are working here, can understand that these people do not easily tolerate the average American town, can understand that Carmel might replace Europe to them. Europe means to them: Culture, an atmosphere of art, an environment of congenial spirits, a soil in which they can grow and be lifted out of a deadly monotony and ugly purposelessness into a world of individual beauty and personal taste.

Surrounded by a paradisiac nature they try to produce and to keep these qualities, by living in the seclusion and quietness of this village. Therefore they fight with passion fearful lest they may lose it. Naturally one cannot avoid in Carmel the ugly cottages you may find everywhere in the world, but you see also many very artistic and original houses occupied by noteworthy and distinguished personalities. Idealism and simple-mindedness, taste and ability, unpretending habits and "bohème" all one finds in this little place which is struggling against the current.

Will it be possible for them to resist the invasion of the motor-mad herd in a country like California? Can the spirit conquer the dollar? Will it be possible?

CUT FLOWERS
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Phone 331

Carmel

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS

(The Carmelite is the Official Newspaper of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea.)

NOTICE NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN:

That on Monday, August 4th, 1930, the 1930 ASSESSMENT ROLL, duly completed as required by Ordinance No. 11 of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea, will be open to the public.

NOTICE IS HEREBY FURTHER GIVEN:

That on Monday, August 11th, 1930, at the hour of 10 A.M., in the Council Chamber at the City Hall, the Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea will sit as a BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

Signed: SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk

[SEAL]

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS

MOTORING: By the hour or trip Seventeen-Mile Drive, Point Lobos, Fifty-Mile Drive, Santa Cruz. Also motoring to Portland, Ore., between August fourth and tenth. Will have accommodations for three ladies. Packard car. For particulars, telephone 767-J. Miss Marjory Pegram.

LOST: Tuesday, July twenty-ninth. One pair silver rimmed spectacles. Reward Five Dollars if returned to owner. Telephone number 287-W. Post Office Box number 223, Pebble Beach.

WANTED TO RENT: or lease, small furnished apartment, heated, modern. State price, location. Responsible. M. W. Watson, 9 Edwards avenue, Sausalito.

FOUND—Box of carpenter's tools. Can be had by describing same and paying the cost of this advertisement. Apply to Chief of Police Englund.

INSTRUCTION. Backward pupils coached in languages and mathematics. Address F. W. Hicks, 125 Grand Avenue, Pacific Grove; telephone Monterey 872-J.

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JULY AND AUGUST GADENING

Mostly maintenance.

Clearing away old plants.
Watering and cultivating.
Staking.
Mulching.

Roses:

Need rest to get ready for fall bloom.
Let soil dry out a little.
Prune out crowded wood in center.
Plant seed for winter and spring bloom.
Canterbury bells, hollyhocks, forget-me-nots, stocks, calendulas, etc.
Separate and replant iris.
Set out freesia bulbs.
Give Gladiolas and dahlias a little extra fertilizer and plenty of water. If gladiolas are through, continue watering to develop bulb fully.

AUGUST—

Near coast—if taken care of!—many seeds can be started in August. Biennials and perennials. Pansy, cineraria, Primula Malecoides, Delphinium.
Toward the end of the month thoroughly irrigate roses, and cultivate.
For better flowers, thin out buds on chrysanthemums, dahlias, African marigolds, etc.

COMMUNITY CHURCH

Sunday next the service of the above Church will be devoted to a mid-summer Celebration of the Holy Communion. This will be a specially beautiful service and will particularly express the ideal of Unity in the Sacrament. Beauty and music will be prominent elements in the presentation of this ancient rite. The special music is recorded. A most cordial invitation is extended to summer visitors. Order of Divine Worship is as follows:

Organ Voluntary, "Largo" by Handel.
Hymn of Adoration by Congregation.
Recitation of Nicene Creed.
Pastoral Prayer and the Our Father.
"Ave Maria" by Palestrina.
The Commandments with Responses.
The Gloria Patria.

Offertory: "Surely He hath Borne our Griefs and Carried our Sorrows," a chorus by George Frederick Handel sung and recorded by the Royal Choral Society of London.

Hymn of Devotion by Congregation.
The Holy Communion concluding with the "Gloria" from Mozart's 12th Mass.
Benediction of the Cross.
Doxology.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

"Love" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation; There shall no evil come nigh thy dwelling. For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways" (Ps. 91:9-11).

The Lesson-Sermon also will include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "Angels are pure thoughts from God, winged with Truth and Love, no matter what their individualism may be. Angels are God's representatives. These upward-soaring beings never lead towards self, sin, or materiality, but guide to the divine Principle of all good, whither every real individuality, image, or likeness of God, gathers. By giving earnest heed to these spiritual guides they tarry with us, and we entertain 'angels unawares'" (pp. 298, 299).

WITH THE WOMEN'S CLUBS

Detailed plans of work in departments of the California Federation of Women's Clubs for the coming year are being received at state headquarters in Los Angeles from state chairman.

This year commemorates the two thousandth birthday of Virgil and the entire world is united in doing him honor. California club women will do their part if the plans of Mrs. A. B. Brown, Fresno, state chairman of art are fulfilled. She will lead art chairmen of California in fostering visits to museums and libraries, in featuring talks and programs on Virgil, and in a study of his life. Also in the art department, the study of California Architecture will be a part of this year's work.

"Adult education, character development through vocational education, appreciation of better English, and observance of education week and public school week will be featured in the education department of the federated clubs of California," stated Mrs. E. E. Earle, Sacramento, state chairman of education. "If the 'ragtime' American speech is to be transformed into correct English, we must give English a more concise and definite study." So to that end Mrs. Earle will urge all club women to watch American speech and to assist in giving statewide programs.

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

JULY 30
22

NUMBER

THE CARMELITE JUNIOR IS THE SPRING-OFF OF THE REGULAR CARMELITE

NORMAN BAYLEY

EDITOR

AN OVER NIGHT HIKE

OUR

VIEWS

It is a shame how some of the boys of Carmel kill the birds, and just for the sport or to see if they can hit them or not. If it was in season maybe its all right to kill a quail or two but to kill any little bird isn't so good. Just think some birds protect the trees by eating the bugs that would kill the tree, and just think the catapillers that would swarm over everybody and every place if the birds did not thin them out, think of all the fruit trees that would be killed by disease and insects if the birds did not kill them. The birds have done so much for man they couldn't be repaid, the least we can do is to spare there lives.

† † †

AT THE BEACH

My mother and I and a few other girls went to the beach, and it was a fine day. When we got there we ate lunch, but as soon as we took out the lunch the bees came around and we just had an afful time, when we finished lunch we ran up the beach till we came to the rocks where we climbed all over them. While we were climbing along we came to a little place you have to climb down and there is a big cove. We took off our shoes and stockings and sat on the rocks that were there and let the waves splash over us after that we put on our shoes and socks again and started off we didn't go very far when we met a fisherman that showed us a fish he had caught it was a sea trout and it was a red color, then we started off again and finally came to Finger Rock. To get to this rock we had to go through a tunnel made of rock. After this we came to a little beach where we went in swimming. Soon after we started home or to the beach where we had some thing to drink and played on the sand until it was time to go home that's how I spent the day at the beach.

Joan Bayley

I was hurrying as fast as I could go but Pat Kennedy was telling me to hurry faster, I finally got my food and blankets together, and off we started. We went to the mouth of the river where we got into a boat with all our belongings and off we went, we went as fa up the river as we could go in the boat then we got out and walked until we came to the camp where we layed out beds. The day went fast, and that night we crawled in to bed and told storys until we got sleepy, then went to sleep. I woke up about the middle of the night and the moon was well up and very bright, I woke Pat up and asked him if he wanted to go moonlight swimming he turned over pulled the covers over his head and all I could get out of him was "no its too cold." and I finally convinced myself it was to cold too. In the morning we got breakfast and went swimming the rest of the day, so the over night came to a conclusion.

† † †

THE MISER

There was once a miner,
And a very old timer,
Who lived by the side of a well,
He mined in a place he would not tell,
He had gold from that place he would not sell,
This old miner was a very tight miser,
He ate as little as possible and never grew wiser,
He soon grew so weak,
His bones would creek,
He could not go for provisions,
And he became so weak he saw visions,
Of robbers stealing his gold,
At this he grew cold,
At loseing the gold he loved so well.
He gathered his treasure,
And measure by measure,
He counted it into a sack,
Then sack on his back,
He struggled to pack,
The gold to the edge of the well,
As he neared the well,
He chuckled to think no one would

have the gold to sell,
When he tripped on a board,
And he and his board,
Went splash to the bottom of the well.

† † †

OVER THE FAIRY LINE

This play was given on the eighteenth and nineteenth of July the parts were played by children of twelve and under. The object of the play was this little girl came after her play mate who said he could go over the fairy line by wishing had, and one time he didn't come back so she forced her way over the fairy line. She finally got the fairies to help her hunt for her play mate, who she found in the end. The music was very good, the singing was very good and the dancing was extra good. The dancers were chosen pupils of the Carmel Dancing School for Girls.

EDITORS NOTE: Last week there was an opinion of the play "Over the Fairy Line" this is another opinion.

† † †

CYCLING UP THE VALLEY

Having just gotten a bike I was ambitious enough to arrange a trip with another boy, Cole Weston to go up the valley on our bikes. We started about ten o'clock one morning. We had pedalled about a mile when we came to a steep hill which we went up. We were thinking what fun it would be coming down, so on going up the hills we came to anticipate the down grade. About five miles up we came to an apple tree which we went so far as to satisfy our hunger with two apples apice (believe it or not they weren't green.) About a hundred yards farther on there was a long winding steep hill, and as we walked up pushing our bikes we ate our apples, and when we got to the top of the hill, we coasted down the other side. At the bottom of the hill there was a hai-pin turn, we went around without using any brakes. The rest of the trip was without excitement. When we arrived there I found that I had forgotten



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continuing THE CARMELITE JUNIOR

so I didn't use it. On our way back the wind was against us and slowed us up considerably, especially on the hills. We refreshed ourselves with five apples apiece on the way back.

Robert Kennedy

† † †

Editors Note: The former editor Jo Schoeninger gave up newspaper work for something with less fame and more pay. So we are very sorry that we can not finish the serial of which he is the author of, anyone wanting to know the finish refer to him.

† † †

HEALTHY CARMEL

I know why business men retire in Carmel. The main reason is from lack of excust and such things as you get in the city makes Carmel healthy another thing is that the people in Carmel or in any other small town are not crowded which also makes the air puerer. When old age gets the best of the business men they some times get sickness. What is that from? being in the city where the bad air gets the best of him when he is weak with age. But look at the wise men who came to Carmel or to some other little town and retired or started a little shop here or there.

† † †

A STRANGERS OPINION OF CARMEL

The question is how do you like Carmel? I think it is a quaint town, if you like the ocean you can be by the ocean, if you like the mountains you can be by the mountains, and the beautiful houses appeal to me, I think this is just the place for writers and poets and especially artists. I like Carmel also because it is very peaceful you don't hear street cars go ambuling down the street or any such things as that, even the news boys are quiet.

THE PRESS CAR

I'll bet that everybody in the town has seen the press car that is the Carmelite Junior Press car. The discription is as follows. A bike with no seat, no fenders, frount wheel a little wabbley. The reporter has the nack of riding it. There are no hopes of it being stealed because they wouldn't know what to do with it when they got it, so if you see the Carmelite Junior official Press car please don't laugh out loud.

N. B.

B O O K S

The cut below was contributed by the Longmans Green.



STAMPS

By Kent B. Stiles

This book is about stamps and how to collect them, what they are made of and etc. This teaches boy and girls a real lesson. Some think nothing of the histoy of stamps or how they are made, all they think of them is send them on the letter and never think how many different kinds there are and some probably saw a foreign stamp. Why be ignorant of this knowlege when you can get this book at the Carmel Public Library.

† † †

THE NEW FORD

If you watch the road pretty near half the cars are new Fords. At present they are the best for the money, they also are very comfortable and you can get them in most any color and shape as you might call it. Their engines are powerful for the weight of the car they are the fastest things on the hills and are seen passing most any car on the road.

Pats for Pets

† † †

Editors Note: We have decided that for a little while we will have a special corner called "Pats for Pets" it will be about the different things animals have done.

PATS FOR PETS

I read in the paper not very long ago where a dog saved his mistress from an automobile. The little girl was in the way of an automobile when the dog rushed out into the street, at the risk of his own life jumped on his mistress which knocked her down and draged her to safety. Which shows that dogs have both sense and love. Any dog would do that for his mistress or master if only they treat him right.

† † †

THE CROW

As wise as the wisest

Is the crow.

The corn filed, his meal-house,

Is cunningly guarded,

By guns.

But wisely he dodges them,

By his crooked flight.

His long dreay call,

His crooked flight.

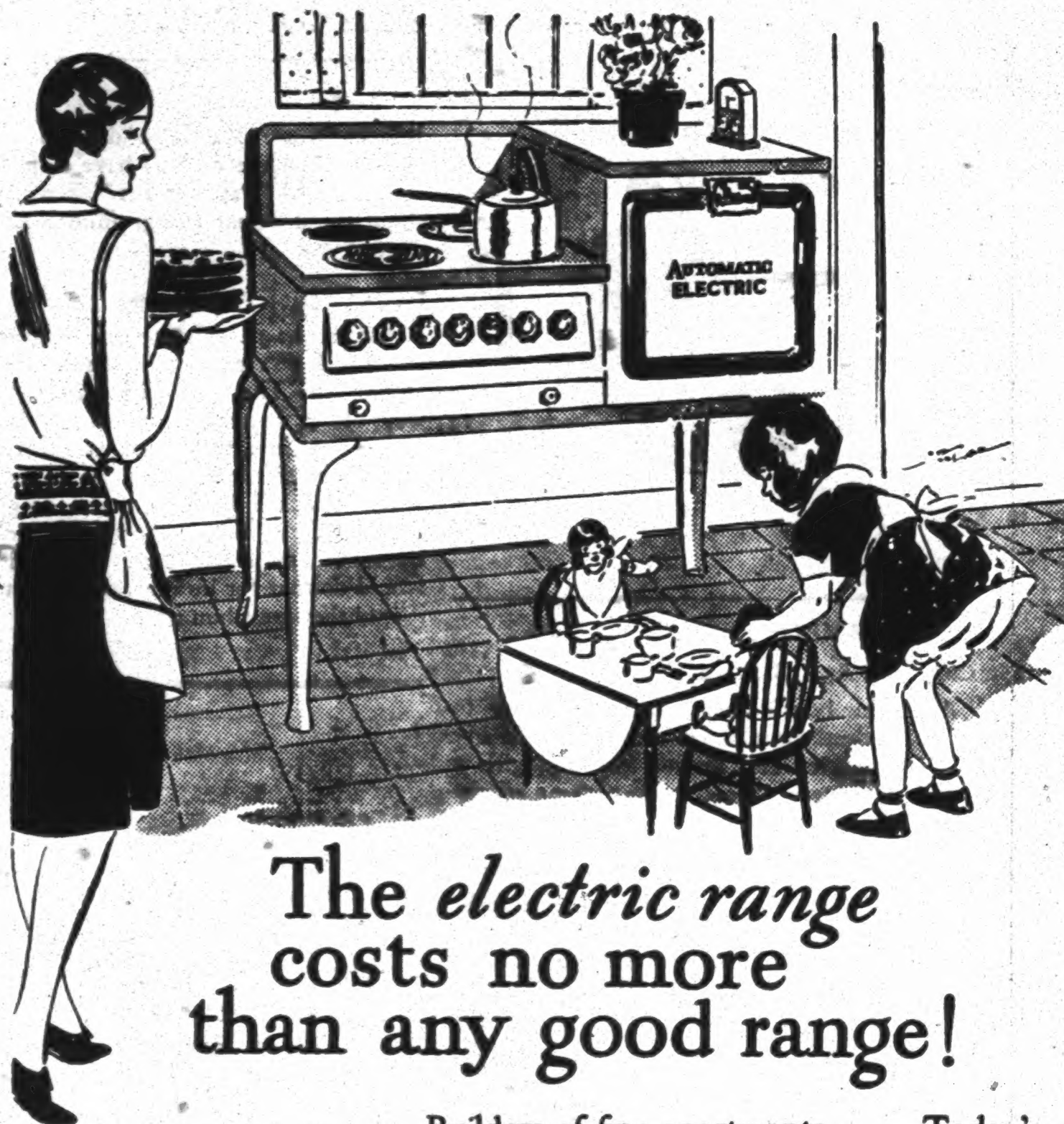
A NEW HOME

A mother and her four babies lived happily together until one day one of the babies was taken and now the mother and the three kittens live together.

T H E S P O R T S
S H O P W H E R E
T H I N G S F O R
U S J U N I O R S
C A N B E B O U G H T
W I T H S A T I S F A C T I O N

NEW LOCATION—
DEYOE BUILDING
OCEAN AVENUE

M E L M A N ' S



The *electric range* costs no more than any good range!

Builders of fine apartments specify the electric range because renting is easier. The tenants, delighted with the clean electric cooking, later buy electric ranges for their own homes.

And when you cook electrically, you'll have such tempting home cooking—with less effort! For electric cooking can be entirely automatic. After a meal is placed in the oven, you never have to watch it—or baste the meat.

No wonder that 31,000 of our customers are thanking electricity for making cooking a pleasure—and for bringing cleanliness and beauty into their kitchens.

Today's electric range has white and gray porcelain enamel which harmonizes with any colorful idea you have for your kitchen. It has cooking elements which are 29% to 50% faster than the old types. Among the other features, it has the fully enameled rust-proof oven.

You'll be surprised to learn that today's electric range costs no more than any good range and that 4¢ worth of electricity cooks the dinner for four people.

A few dollars down will place an electric range in your home, ready to use. Come into our office or a dealer's store and see these beautiful new ranges.